

The Critic

Pinkerton Academy

February 1905.

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DERRY, N. H.

The Pinkerton Critic.

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DERRY, N. H., 1905.

The CRITIC congratulates the members of the Athletic Association upon the success of the fair that was held at the close of last term, an account of which is to be found in another column. One of the greatest obstacles to athletic success in all secondary schools is poor financial support; it is, we venture to say, a very promising aspect for Pinkerton that the undergraduates are willing and ready thus to set the treasury in a condition of prosperity at a time of the year when the interest in field sports is naturally at a low point.

We cannot but feel that our column of Alumni news is altogether too small. In publishing this paper twice a term it is the purpose of the editors to serve the interests of all the considerable number of those who by virtue of present or former relations to the school have at heart the welfare of Pinkerton Academy. We hope, by reaching those who have removed to

places remote from Derry, to bring them into touch once more with their old school, and to keep them informed regarding the current history of the Academy and of their schoolday associates. But without cooperation on their part we cannot do this. There are scattered about the country several hundred men and women who have attended this school; we do not in many cases even know where they are. A word of news from any one of them would certainly interest many acquaintances, and would moreover assist this paper in carrying out its purpose as a school journal.

Our subscription list among the Alumni, we feel, should be a great deal larger. If you are a graduate or a friend of Pinkerton do you not care to receive as a regular subscriber this little messenger from the old school?

President George Harris, Amherst: Athletics promote morals. Should football, baseball, field athletics cease, the moral tone of the college would be lowered. Sports come more and more upon a moral basis. To be sportsmanlike is to play fair. Religion should have a home and should be at home in the university. There is more genuine religion in the college today than in any other period of our history. Can't and pretense are not tolerated. Irrational doctrine is discarded, but faith, hope, love, character are exalted. The college should encourage sane, healthy, trustful, God-loving and man-serving religion.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

New Clairvaux

EDWARD PEARSON PRESSEY '88.

Of a dozen great characters in European history, Bernard the founder and abbot of Clairvaux was probably one. The young Galahad of Abbey's wonderful painting of the Holy Grail in the Boston public library is but the militant counterpart of the scholarly Bernard, the Grail knight of the works of peace.

"And peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

I say that Bernard was the knight of peace notwithstanding that his popular reputation came from preaching the second crusade, one of the two great sins that oppressed his pure conscience in his latter days.

Clairvaux abbey was one of those forces that revived agriculture, mechanic and fine arts, native poetry and a degree of education after the dark ages. This single abbey sent forth four hundred branches into all parts of Europe. And St. Bernard touched almost every side of human life in Europe, from the great things of the Papal politics at Rome to the small things of the heart in Bavaria and Brittain. Kings became accustomed to resort to Clairvaux for counsel, and the strong young peasant and merchant and scholar to enter into the new life of awakening Europe. It was the reformed Benedictine monastery in those days, of the virile Clairvaux type that Christianized and industrialized military, feudal Europe.

The same spirit which in the middle ages found its expression in the celibate monasteries and in the knight errantry of chivalry, which gave rise to such supreme literature as the Round Table and Parsival, finds also its modern expression no less virile and beautiful. It is in the movement inspired more than twenty-five years ago at Oxford university by John Ruskin's teaching and example of social service. He illustrated the spirit of what he taught by taking his students with him and with his own hands breaking stones for a good road where was a poor miry one near Oxford.

A number of these stone breakers have become famous men. Amongst them was Arnold Toynbee, who reformed the science of political economy demonstrating that Adam Smith, Riccardo, Mill and the "Orthodox" school had but described the habits of a predatory stage of industry and commerce. Toynbee was the father of the "New" school of economists who teach the science of social service. But farther than the mere theory Toynbee went and settled in White Chapel, the poorest part of London, thus becoming the father of the "settlement" idea. Even those whom his theory angered because it denied their right to profits agree that he left a most consistent and beautiful memory that has been fruitful in a great movement behind him.

Dr. Stanton Coit nearly twenty years

ago brought Toynbee's idea to New York in the University Settlement that still flourishes. And there he trained up a group of young men to the ideal, the Holy Grail of social service which has leavened the whole of New York. The University Settlement was followed by Felix Adler's Ethical Culture schools and their net work of settlement work on both the East and West Sides amongst all nationalities. Now the settlements are scores in number in New York alone. Whole armies of young men and women directed by experienced generals, do battle against wretchedness, uncleanness, poverty and ignorance night and day and the year round, or New York and other such cities would have gone down like Nineveh and Sodom long ago. One of the best known and most beautifully conceived of the settlements in this country was founded by Jane Addams in the most forsaken part of Chicago and is known as the Hull House. In our crowded cities the settlement greatly outnumbered the church, and seems there almost to have supplanted it, with the motto of social sympathy and social service.

It has been thought in recent years by many that since the crowded city has depleted the hill country and thus made life about as barren and wretched amongst the hills as in East New York, the settlers might also go into the hills and there adapt the old buildings and build new for a model town with spirit and loyalty in civic and social institutions which is so sadly lacking in the discouraged country towns, "the wrecks of towns" as someone has said "that strew our New England hills."

New Clairvaux is such a settlement.

Its motto and spirit are the same as those of John Ruskin and Arnold Toynbee and Jane Addams. The workers of the country settlement are largely graduates of Harvard University and other such institutions and mostly young people who have been splendidly trained for professional service and for crafts and by some experience. They earn their living by agriculture, by private boarding schools which they have established, the Plantations and Crafts School and by handicrafts, of which wood working, hand weaving, dyeing, and printing and binding of books are the chief. Manual training is given to pupils of the town also in a beautiful "Village-Shop" which has been built.

By the various influences thus brought to bear, a new interest is revived in country life and labor; and through the spirit of Christian social service communicated to many, especially the young, a more attractive and wholesome country life is expected to arise. This should offset the frightful crowding into cities and into two or three room tenements which are the average conditions in the greater part of New York and other cities.

And further than this it is known that a living can be had from the soil direct by the expense of less toil, and that more healthful and delightful than by any other honest means. And this fact makes it particularly desirable not only for the common intelligent laborer but for all who wish to have a portion of unanxious leisure for art, literature, invention and public service, to live in the country and cultivate the soil under conditions for unhurried thinking. Amongst the great writers on this subject are Thoreau and Kropotkin.

A Leap=Year Proposal.

BY IRENE TREAT GROSS '04.

THIS STORY WAS AWARDED THE THIRD PRIZE IN THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST LAST JUNE.

It was the evening of the twenty-eighth of February, 1904. Josiah Patterson was sitting before the broad fireplace of his orderly sitting-room. He appeared to be gazing with much interest at the bright red coals, but in reality his mind was far from them.

"Well," he said half aloud, "I'm in a fine fix now, ain't I? It was just like that housekeeper though to go and get married and not let me know a thing about it until she was ready to go. Seems to me she might have delayed her marriage a few weeks, instead of going off so suddenly, and leaving me here alone to cook my own food. I will cook it though, no matter what a mess I make of it, before I'll buy any insipid baker's food."

He raised his head and leaned back in his chair. "But perhaps that housekeeper has put a good idea into my head," he continued. Perhaps now I'll have the courage to go and propose to Emmeline Carroll. I intended to have done it long ago, and no one knows how hard I have tried, but just at the critical moment my heart always rises in my mouth so I can't speak a word. Perhaps she'll say 'No' anyway. She can't have a very high opinion of me though, for I always feel like a fool and act like one when I'm with her. Well, I'm determined to find out what she will say; there's no use in waiting any longer. Waiting—why I've wait-

ed fifteen whole years already; but as a man grows older he grows wiser, and braver too, I hope. Leap year's a bad time to propose though. I wish I'd done it last year. But leap year or no leap year, I'll go and propose tomorrow."

The twenty-ninth of February dawned clear and cold,—very fortunately for Josiah, for a stormy day might have made him decide to put off his call.

Miss Emmeline arose much later than usual that morning. She made a point of early rising, for she said that it always helped her work along. She moved slowly around getting her breakfast, stopping occasionally to stroke her cats, for Miss Emmeline was very fond of cats. When breakfast was ready, she placed each cat's breakfast in a separate saucer before the stove. She always had her cats eat at the same time she did, for she could not bear to make her "dear kitties" wait for their breakfast.

As she did her housework, her thoughts turned to Josiah. "Today is the twenty-ninth of February," she thought. "This is the first leap year we have had for eight years. I wonder what Josiah is doing today. But why do I always think of him in connection with leap year?" And as she looked in the looking-glass, she saw that she was blushing. "The twenty-ninth of February comes but once in four years," she thought, "so I may as well be

frank to myself today. I really believe that the reason I think of Josiah today is because I'm afraid I shall have to do the proposing after all. I think Josiah,—well a little more than likes me. But he is so slow. I've thought dozens of times when he called that he was about to propose, but somehow he always ends by getting red and confused, and changing the subject abruptly. He is either afraid, or else he doesn't think as much of me as I think he does. I've half a mind to go and propose to him myself this very day. But no, I won't, not if I live an old maid forever. If he hasn't the courage to ask me, I'm sure I won't ask him. I've always said that I didn't believe in leap year, and I won't change my mind now."

She bravely tried to banish Josiah from her mind, but his image kept recurring to her, and at last she gave it up in despair, saying, "It's the twenty-ninth of February and so I can allow myself some indulgences."

Josiah had an early dinner of cold food, for the biscuits he tried to bake looked so much like the stove when he took them out, that he decided that the cold food which the housekeeper had left would be more palatable. "No more of this," he said to himself, "for if once I can get Emmeline to say 'Yes,' we'll make up for lost time by getting married immediately."

When Josiah had finished his dinner he began to make preparations for his call.

"I wonder how my hair would look parted in the middle," he said. "I do look rather queer don't I?" he added when it was completed, "but that's the way all the stylish fellows wear their hair."

Josiah had never before put so much time and care on his dress. At last he was ready to go.

"I wonder if she'll know me," he said, as he took a last look at himself in the glass. "I don't believe I've used that glass so much in all my life as I have today."

"I can imagine just about how Ichabod Crane felt when he started for the party," mused Josiah, as he started towards Miss Emmeline's house, "but, gracious, I never thought I'd feel like him. I wonder if I'll have as bad luck as he did."

His hope began to revive when he saw Miss Emmeline's cottage and opposite it the large yellow house where her married sister lived, but it sank again when Miss Emmeline met him at the door and ushered him into the parlor.

"How can anyone so pretty and agreeable care for an awkward farmer like me?" he thought, as he sat down. "I guess I'd better give it up anyway. But no, I won't. I'm not going to have to try it all over again."

Miss Emmeline had her own thoughts as to why he had come.

"What a lovely day for February this is!" she said.

"Yes, it is lovely," drawled Josiah, for he was already becoming embarrassed.

"How did you enjoy your visit to Boston?" asked Miss Emmeline, determined to make him talk.

"Oh, pretty well," answered Josiah. "My nephew went with me, and he took me to see all the sights. We rode on the elevated road, too, but I'll never ride on it again, it's dreadful;—way up in the air."

"I didn't suppose he could talk so much all at one time," thought Miss Emmeline. Then she asked, "Did you go up Bunker Hill Monument?"

"No," said Josiah, "I didn't see much

use in climbing up more than a hundred feet just to see the roofs of a lot of houses."

At this moment the parlor door opened and a little girl entered carrying one of Miss Emmeline's beloved cats.

"Oh, auntie, see what Bill White's dog has done to Topsy," she cried. Then, catching sight of Josiah, she dropped the cat and ran away.

Miss Emmeline took Topsy in her arms, and, looking at the bruises, said, "Poor dear Topsy, you are hurt, aren't you? Don't feel badly, dear kitty, that horrid dog shan't hurt my little pet again."

Josiah looked on, not knowing what to say. He would have liked to comfort the cat to please Miss Emmeline, but that seemed out of the question for him. How ridiculous he would make himself trying to talk to a cat! But he soon recovered from his embarrassment and exclaimed, "If I can find Bill White's dog, I'll shoot it tomorrow. It's a shame for anyone to keep a dog that worries his neighbor's cats."

Miss Emmeline gave him a grateful smile.

"Ain't it sorter lonesome for you here with no company but your cats?" he asked.

"You forgot that my sister lives just across the way," said Miss Emmeline.

Josiah hesitated, turned red, looked at the carpet, and then continued, "But don't you think you'd like the Patterson farm better?"

"We all have to be contented where fortune gives us our homes," said Miss Emmeline, "and its—rather pleasant here."

"Waal, Emmeline," said Josiah, becoming more confused than ever, "I was thinking that if you did like the Patterson farm pretty well, you might—er consent to marry me."

When Josiah went away that afternoon, he felt that he was the happiest man in Clairmont, for he had won Miss Emmeline after years of waiting;—Miss Emmeline whom he had admired ever since he was a boy. The only thing that surprised him was that he hadn't had the courage to propose before; it was so easy after he had once tried it.

The Goodness of the Twins.

ADA L. BARTLETT '03.

For some time the twins had been so good, so positively saintly, that Mabel began to be worried, and the young man inquired uneasily if the "little beggars" had been exposed to small pox or diphtheria. But their subdued demeanor was not generally attributed to a change of heart; that was too preposterous. Mabel did not try to explain it even to herself; she

only knew she was enjoying a period of unalloyed bliss, which it would be useless to mar with fearful apprehensions of the future, although she felt that sooner or later, the persecutions would begin again.

It was now near Thanksgiving. A large party of guests were expected at the Fairfax house, and preparations were going busily on.

Heretofore, the twins had made it a point to be very much in evidence at this time of the year; they usually selected some place convenient to the kitchen, as a lair, from which they would make swift sallies, when the coast was clear for a moment, and many were the delicacies which fell into their hands in this way, and were demolished by these greedy little brigands, much to the grief and humiliation of the cook.

This year, however was a notable exception. When they were told to "Clea' right out o' dis yere kitchen!" they trotted meekly away hand in hand with most elevated and angelic expressions on their round faces.

They spent most of their time in their "shop,"—a place shrouded in awful mystery and dedicated to them alone;—no-body else could be hired to enter it, except their Uncle Jack, who was an "aider and abettor" of their conspiracies. No-body knew what they did there; but as they were out of the way, yet could be found at a moment's notice, this mysterious place was regarded with favor, rather than frowned upon.

It had been noticed for the last week, that they had spent their days wholly within its walls, sometimes accompanied by Uncle Jack, and a vague suspicion began to dawn upon the minds of the family that they were up to some mischief.

On Tuesday of Thanksgiving week the guests began to arrive. The twins behaved beautifully. On previous occasions, ancient relatives had assiduously avoided these two young hopefuls, preferring to keep their wigs in their proper places and their spectacles within reach, rather than to cultivate the acquaintance of their nephews; but perceiving no hostile man-

ouvers on the part of the enemy, but rather, strong indications of friendly feeling, their vigilance relaxed, and they made peace offerings, which were politely received.

The twins possessed a graphophone, a stereopticon and a camera, besides numerous other things of minor importance, given them by their indulgent Uncle Jack. These three things had all come within the year, and the twins were still very proud of them.

Thursday morning they went hand in hand to Mrs. Fairfax and asked if they might show some of their stereopticon views and give a few selections from their graphophone that evening. She readily consented. She had arranged nothing for the evening and thought it would be a pleasant diversion for her guests; and besides, the twins looked so angelic with their smooth golden curls and round, innocent, blue eyes, that she hadn't the heart to say no.

So it came about that after tea, the company congregated in the parlor to be entertained, smiling indulgently at Phil and Bob who sat embracing each other on the sofa, a perfect picture of that saintly type of childhood depicted in Sunday School literature.

Mabel and the young man were sitting together on the divan. Phil turned off the lights preparatory to beginning with the pictures. Suddenly they came on again, disclosing the young man with his arm about Mabel's waist and her head in close proximity to his shoulder. An audible smile went around the room. The couple on the divan looked uncomfortable;—the twins cast down their eyes and looked innocent.

The first picture thrown on the canvas

was Niagara Falls, — the graphophone played "How Dry I Am." The Statue of Liberty accompanied by a reading from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and several views from the Alps followed; then appeared a picture which somehow looked strangely familiar. It represented two people sitting quite close together in a hammock. Something in their attitude, although their backs were toward the audience, recalled the incident of a few minutes before. Suddenly the graphophone began.

What that machine said would give the healthiest person a sensation at the pit of his stomach. Such endearing phrases and honeyed pet name, as only the most infatuated could invent, issued from its brazen throat. Suddenly a sound as of the cutting of a taut rope interrupted an impassioned declaration of undying love; it was instantly followed by a loud thud and a shrill, feminine scream.

The picture suddenly changed. The scene was evidently the same place, but the hammock lay on the ground, a tangled mass of ropes and cords, upon which sat the young lady rubbing her elbow, with her face wearing an expression half shocked, half dazed, turned toward the object of her affection. He stood there trying to look majestically indignant. His freshly laundered white duck trousers were now far from immaculate. He was holding together a rent in his shirt sleeve, while his collar bobbed up and down behind his ears; his hair stood on end and seemed to vibrate to his angry emotions.

"O if I could only get at those little fiends! I'd skin them alive! I'd hang them up by their toes! I'd torture them with red hot gimlets! I'd lick 'em to within an inch of their life!" croaked the

graphophone excitedly. It said a great deal more, too, that called forth shocked exclamations from the young cousins.

Suddenly a dark object projected itself between the stereopticon and the canvas. There was a sound of a scuffle and muffled screams. The graphophone stopped, and the lights came on again. Mabel and the young man were gone; likewise the twins were nowhere to be seen, but soon they came creeping back in. Everybody was laughing in his sleeve.

"That was only a starter," said Phil.

"Yes; we've got lots more better," said Bob.

"We took the snap shots and records all ourselves last summer," they continued. "You ought to see the one where Mabel fell overboard; her switch came off and she's carrying it in her hand, and the curl all come out of her front hair, and she's a bully looking sight,—and one where the crab got hold of Mr. Maltravers' toe when he was in bathing. Gee-e-e!! We don't dare to put that record into the machine, we're 'fraid 'twould bust it. We keep it separate from the rest, it turns everything blue it touches."

Some of the young cousins were sliding up to the twins, and were evidently trying to propitiate them. We do not know whether or not they were successful, but we do know that Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax were scandalized, and ordered the whole outfit to be stowed away in the "shop," out of everybody's sight and hearing.

One thing, at least, was conclusively proved to everybody: Mr. Maltravers, the ideal Mr. Maitravers, — swears!

More Things As They Are.

When I read in the last issue of this paper what my brother, the Academy Crow, had written about the deplorable condition of affairs upon the hill, I resolved that I would find out what was going on around me here in Derry Village. I thought that if such things were true about such an institution as Pinkerton, there might be something of the kind in the Village in spite of the good impressions of the villagers that I had obtained from the men who chin at Bartlett's and Spofford's. It is easy for me to do this, for I live here and have a good chance to make nightly spying trips; I will give you some of the results of these.

But first I must tell you about my home and the people I live with. My home is with a family renowned for their menagerie of wild animals, and as I have plenty of company, rabbits, field mice, snakes, birds, and such, I am very happy. These people do all in their power to make my life a pleasant one. In the morning reluctant Howard gets up and makes my mash even before he has his own breakfast; he also washes my cold feet in hot water, for they are very proud of my shining black legs, and I think that sometimes, when he is in a hurry, he mixes my mash with the same water that he washes my feet with. His mother comes out a dozen times a day to give me a bit of her

fine jelly, which won first prize at the town fair. Smiling-faced Fred, out for the twenty minute nooning, comes and strokes me a little while, in spite of the short time it leaves him for filling his pockets with apples and pie to eat during his vacant periods. On the evenings when his father is not running a car for a dance,—about one evening in ten on an average,—he takes me into the house and tries to teach me to talk, greatly disturbing Fred with his Latin and Howard with his Geography. I am getting along finely in speaking; I can pronounce the first syllable in my name already. But I must hasten on.

Beginning with things near at hand, I will tell you of one of the Seniors. Some nights when I am feeling tired I go over in front of his window and watch him studying with a great pile of books before him. Every once in a while I notice that he gets up and looks at the clock on the Central Church; this is all right on moonlight nights, but I do not see why he wants to strain his eyes on dark nights when he could easily have a clock on his desk. Sometimes he acts very strangely after one of these spells of seeing what time it is, and walks furiously about the room for awhile. This Senior uses a small picture of a pretty girl for a book-mark. Now I know that a book-mark is a good

thing, but when you change it to every different book that you study from, and take fifteen minutes for the changing, it is too much of a good thing.

One night I overheard an East Derry boy say to his brother: "I am going home with Miss —, and I don't want to walk home alone. So you wait for me on Bartlett's steps till ten; I will come then." "All right," replied the younger brother, "I will do it if you have fixed the clock at home so that we can get home before it strikes ten." About two hours later, after saying goodnight to Miss —, and just as the clock was striking ten, the older fellow started to hoof it up East Derry hill at a good rate. Just as he was going into his own yard he remembered his poor brother, and went way back to meet him just starting for home.

On those afternoons when Mother Nature has provided no outdoor amusements for the scholars, I go down to the second house beyond the brook, and perching myself upon the railing, look in. I see five scholars just getting up from dinner. The two girls immediately find comfortable rocking chairs, and give orders to the three boys to wash the dishes, sweep the floor, pick up the kitchen, and throw everything into the pantry and lock the door. Soon after these three humble servants have finished their work, in pops the owner of the pretty book-mark. When saluted by one of the girls he looks frightened and says: "Oh, I must not talk to you. I came to see the boys, you know. Remember the rules of the school." In a suspiciously short time in comes the parson's daughter, "to see the girls, you know." The Senior forgets rules long enough to greet her. By and by two more girls arrive, one a cousin, the other from

the neighborhood of the Grammar-School House. They are soon followed by the absent-minded East Derry fellow; and all are very much surprised at seeing the others there.

In deference to rules the boys at first gather in one room and the girls in another, the door being shut. But before the afternoon is far spent, excuses for opening it are found, and by four o'clock they are all in the same room sitting in groups of two and studying their Latin together. Suddenly some one imagines that he sees a teacher coming to make a call. The little groups break up, but only to unite again when they find that the teacher has gone to the next house.

One noonday I perched myself where I could overlook the dining-room of Hildreth Hall. Such a confusion I had never seen before, so that it took me some time to make out what it all meant. The Academy students who live there were eating with their left hands, with their feet on the rounds of their chairs, and their knees pushed up against the table so that they had to reach up and bring the food down. They were mixing water, milk and vinegar, putting pepper on cream pie, salt in coffee, and making all sorts of ridiculous messes. The next noon I expected to see this repeated, but everything was very different. Everyone was as quiet as possible; they all sat as straight as their backs would allow; they always put their knife and fork down just so; and they said "please" and "thank you" as nicely as could be. When they got up from their places, I saw them march up to a lady, whom I had not seen the day before, and ask with elegant language and with profuse smiles to be excused. It was fun to see Sankey do this, for the smile

did not come quite natural, but his roommate did it to perfection. And so I learned once more that it makes a good deal of difference to the mice whether the cat is away or not.

I might go on and tell how Sankey saw a ghost one night, and many other interesting things as well, but as the time

comes to write them I feel rather sorry for the people I am telling about, and have resolved to let them rest with this mild dose. Let me warn them however that if they do not take heed and mend their ways before it is time for the next issue, they will receive less consideration from
CORSON'S CROW.

Athletic Notes.

The fair held in Academy Hall, Friday evening, December twenty-third, for the benefit of the Athletic Association, was in every way a success. Socially, it was one of the most pleasant features of the term. The hall was prettily decorated, not in the medley of colors common to fairs, but in red and green. Perhaps the most unique decoration was that of the CRITIC table,—a new and important feature. The background for this table was formed by the large shutters, with which all the Academy windows are furnished; these were filled with numerous numbers of the CRITIC. The table itself was prettily decorated in red and green, and was faithfully guarded by Mr. Harold Abbott.

The candy table, in charge of Miss Merriam, Miss Webster and Mr. How, seemed to be a center of attraction, though hardly more successful than the ice-cream table in the care of Miss Hilman and Miss Brown. Realizing how strong would be the temptation to sample the cream, we chose Mr. Gross and Mr. Clark to serve it from the freezer, as these young gentlemen "never eat" ice-cream. Right here we wish to express our gratitude to Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Melvin for contributing this ice-cream.

Hot chocolate was served by Miss Melvin and Miss Williams at another table. Last, but by no means least, was the table in

charge of Miss Bampton, Miss McAllister, and Miss Prescott, where were sold fancy articles, products of the genius of Pinkerton girls. Most in evidence here were a number of school flags, also some hat-pins on which were represented school and class emblems in burnt wood.

The entertainment was furnished by the boys themselves in the form of a war drama, "The Awkward Squad," which proved to be very amusing.

The fair was well attended by people with pocket-books, for we cleared over thirty dollars. Nearly everything was sold before the last of the evening, when Mr. How acted as auctioneer for the remainder. He showed great natural ability at this, and with a little more practice he may do well along this line. We wish him success.

There has been fine skating upon the meadows since school opened this term, and many have taken advantage of it. Skating is always sure to call forth many amusing incidents and of course each day has had its own. One very dignified young lady from one of the upper classes was heard to say one day that "she was glad to be able to stand upon her feet for three minutes." From this one would infer that during the rest of the afternoon dignity had received some falls.

The baseball outlook for the approaching season is very encouraging. Much interest is already being shown, and from present prospects it seems that material for the team will be abundant. Games have already been arranged with Nashua High, Methuen High, and Punchard Academy.

The regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held January 19, and the following officers were elected: President, C. Hillman '06; vice president, F. Shepard '07; secretary, D. How '05; advisory committee, Mr. John C. Chase of the trustees, Mr. A. W. Reynolds of the faculty, H. Abbott '07, F. Corson '07, I. Gross '06.

DANA G. HOW, Sec.

REPORT OF TREASURER OF ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION FOR TERM ENDING

DEC. 23, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

On hand Sept. 13,	\$30.72
Gate receipts at home games,	64.20
Guarantees at out-of-town games,	33.00
Dues collected,	17.60
Sale of extra "P,"	.15
Athletic Fair,	30.39
	<hr/> \$176.06

EXPENDITURES.

Football supplies,	\$ 9.73
Traveling expenses,	38.70
Guarantees to visiting teams,	48.50
Printing,	7.00
Police service at games,	5.00
Postage and incidentals,	3.12
Balance on hand Jan. 10, 1905,	64.01
	<hr/> \$176.06

A. W. REYNOLDS, Treasurer.

Alumni Notes.

Frederick Walton Poor '93, is employed at the Post Office in Boston.

Mr. Fred D. McGregor has been elected president of the Haverhill School Board.

Miss Grace Pillsbury '95 is teaching the grammar school in Derry Village.

Miss Mary Fitts of Manchester has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Eaton of Derry Village.

Miss Sylvia Clark '90 is spending the year with her parents in Derry. Mrs. Carrie Pettie is in New York.

Milton H. Ayer, a Pinkerton athlete of a few years ago, was welcomed in Derry by many of his friends recently.

Miss Kathleen Melvin, who is teaching in Dedham, Mass., spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents in Derry a few weeks since.

Mr. Ernest Silver '94, who has been Superintendent of Schools in Rochester, has been appointed to a similar position in Portsmouth.

Mr. Alfred Malcolm is still charming the people with his singing. At the Walnut Square School in Haverhill he recent-

ly rendered several solos to a delighted audience.

Harry C. Kimball '03 has been transferred from West Derry to Worcester, Mass., where he is employed in the office of the American Express Company.

Mr. William Brock Martin, whom many will remember as a former student at Pinkerton, was in Derry with his bride a few days recently, stopping at Hildreth Hall.

The members of the class of 1891 will all join in wishing a long and prosperous life to little Barbara Ross Newell, the tiny daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Ward Newell of West Derry.

Mr. Samuel F. Campbell '02, who since his graduation has been a student in the New Hampshire State College is now located at his home in Windham, having left college, upon the death of his father, to take charge of the farm.

The Librarian of the Academy would

be greatly pleased to receive copies of the Pinkerton catalogue for the following years: 1891, 1892, 1897-98, 1899-1900. It is very helpful to have a complete list of catalogues on file.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hall Wallace, whose husband, the late Rev. Dr. C. W. Wallace, has been called "The Father of Congregationalism in Manchester," died at her home in that city Dec. 3. Mrs. Wallace was at one time a student at Pinkerton, and later one of its teachers. She also taught in the Concord High School and at the Ohio Female College, serving as Principal at the latter institution.

Mr. Edward Pearson Pressey, whose article entitled "New Clairvaux" is welcomed in another column, graduated, as did also his wife, with the class of 1888. They were both among the founders of the original CRITIC. Mr. Pressey was also one of the committee of five who drafted the first Constitution and Bylaws of the Philomathean Society, and served the society as its first President or Secretary.

Secrets.

"Ich bin diesseit des Tisches," "I am washing the dishes."

"I have kept all the requirements except forty-eight; excused."

Why did Miss F. hand the teacher her open French book instead of her Elocution?

It was a Senior too who defined the "Antipodes" as "people who walk upon their heads."

First year German: "The back part of the head and the crown are with hair bedecked."

Is marriage a failure? Ask the bride and groom of that stormy Wednesday afternoon at the Hall.

What started the little brown doggie rolling down the stairs? Can it be that the Anatomy class are going to take a course in

dissecting? But no; they recite to Miss Bartlett this year.

Miss T. '05. "I'd like to play tag."

Miss B. '05. "Oh, go chase yourself."

English as she is spelled: "consession," "declaritive," "appersion," "artical," "definite," "eregular," "preperlous."

The Juniors have made rapid advances; one boy discovered a race of "mails," and another hopeful a race of "feemales."

Something must be the matter with the Knight when a fellow goes home with a girl and lets her fall upon the ice.

Teacher in Algebra class. "Read the number 11,200."

Scholar. "One thousand, twelve hundred."

English Teacher. "Why don't you look up the words the meanings of which you do not know?"

Junior. "I don't have time."

A Middler writes in a daily theme: "It (The Colosseum) is enclosed by an immense awning, which is held in place by ropes attached to pillows on the walls."

The Seniors who have not been initiated

into the secrets of German were somewhat shocked the other day upon entering the room to see written on the board the lone word "Damit."

It is rumored that the Academy Crow took no less than eight different girls sleighing in a single week. It isn't so difficult now to guess where he learned all the gossip of his recent story.

A young girl of the Junior class was so weary one day that she was unable to rise and pronounce the word "tired!" We can imagine such a tale told of a Senior, but of a Junior, never!

When the Roman History teacher asked when the apostles lived, he, and the class as well, were somewhat surprised at being told, "During the sixteenth century." Upon investigating he was informed by a very conscientious Middler that it was so recorded in the English History. And sure enough, Montgomery does say that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the people wished the English Service-Book reinstated, the Queen was begged "To set at liberty the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and also the Apostle Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a strange language."

"Immobiles, ils lasserent les passants traverser" was rendered "They allowed the passers to go by without moving."

Whispers from the Corridor.

"Is your name West?"

Ralph Barker '08 has left school.

There is some talk of a sleigh-ride for the Senior class.

Paul Clyde of the class of '07 is now attending Business college in Manchester.

Greatly to the regret of us all the bad weather conditions made it necessary to

postpone the lecture by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell, that was appointed for Friday, Jan. 27.

The Juniors in Physiology recite to Miss Bartlett instead of to Mr. Campbell as heretofore.

The severe storm made it impossible to have sessions on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25 and 26.

Civil Government has been made a Senior instead of a first year study for the students of the General Course; Mr. Reynolds is giving it instead of the former course in European History.

There have been several cases of the Chicken Pox in school. Miss Marian Morse was the last one absent on this account. There have also been many absences on account of colds and La Grippe.

The Middle class is taking up the study of the Aeneid for this term, and will finish Cicero in their Senior year. This plan was adopted last year, and is for the benefit of those who may wish to take their preliminary examinations for college this coming June.

It is hoped soon to have a suitable box put up in a convenient place to receive material for the CRITIC. And let us take this opportunity to remind all students that they can do a great deal toward making this a brisk and breezy paper if they will be ever on the alert for bits of school news, bright sayings, and all sorts of things that would tend to interest the readers of the CRITIC.

The Result of Keeping the Rules.—It was in the English class, and the talk was upon a metaphor involving the stars. After the boy

who was reciting had failed to explain the beauty and significance of the passage, the following dialogue ensued:

Teacher—"Well, didn't you see the stars last night?"

Boy—"No, ma'am, I spent the entire evening in my room studying.

The coasting has been at its very best and the double-runners were dragged out from the places where they were stored. It goes without saying that there are not many vacant seats upon them. One evening the Principal allowed some of the pupils to stay out coasting until half-past seven, because it was so fine. This privilege evidently caused the people in the Village some anxiety, for they are not accustomed to seeing P. A. students out after the bell rings.

The fever for changing their coiffures which usually strikes the Senior and Middle girls once a year broke out a few weeks ago; but it was much more contagious than usual this year and spread through the lower classes as well as the higher, and many of the boys even got it. However like some other fevers, frost seems to check it, for since the cold weather began no new cases have been seen, and we trust that there will be none.

The fifth of the lectures in the Academy. Course was given Friday evening, January 20th, by J. Horace McFarland of Harrisburg, Pa., President of the American Civic Association, and the head of a large publishing establishment. The subject was "The Making of a Book," and it was finely illustrated by stereopticon views. Mr. McFarland is a brilliant speaker, and his lecture was sparkling with wit and humor. At the same time it was one of the most instructive ever given in the Academy, for the subject

was one upon which people in general know little, and yet should know much. He imparted the essential knowledge in such a clear and simple manner that anyone could get a good grasp upon it, and all must have been much helped.

At the chapel exercises on the morning of Nov. 22, fourteen of the boys who have been playing upon the foot-ball team this season were called upon the platform, and after a few words from Rev. C. L. Merriam, were presented with their "P's" which they had won by hard work on the gridiron.

At the same time Mr. A. W. Reynolds of

the faculty was presented by the school with a purse of money in token of their appreciation of his whole-hearted work for school athletics.

The moment when these honors were awarded was full of inspiration for the whole school, and we are sure that the spark of school spirit latent in all of us blazed up brighter than ever. We are proud of our boys for the way in which they have played this fall, although they have not won, and we are very glad that the trustees have taken this way of showing publicly their appreciation of the team's work. It will give added courage for the future.

Exchanges.

The CRITIC has hardly got its exchange column in running order yet. But by the next issue we hope to have more exchanges and a cut to add to our exchange column. The exchanges that have been received have proved of great interest to the students.

"*The Quarterly Tatler*" from Dr. J. Sachs's school, New York, the CRITIC found to be one of the best edited of the exchanges received. One would judge that the students of the school contributed more freely than these of some others. The cuts are especially good, and the CRITIC means soon to profit by "*The Tatler's*" example.

"*The Review*" from the Lowell High School, has recently been received. In answer to their inquiry, "Wherein does the title 'The CRITIC,' apply to the magazine published by the members of Pinkerton academy?" the CRITIC would ask, "wherein does the title *The Review* apply to the magazine published by the members of the Lowell High School?" We would suggest that *The Review* have more literary substance,

and a few short spicy articles would not be amiss.

The "*Oracle*" from Manchester High contains some very good literary matter. Their cover, although simple, is very effective.

Concerning "*The Tatler*" from Nashua High we heartily agree with the sentiment expressed in the editorial of their January number, that a great many scholars, "save a noble few," seemingly hold to the idea that a paper can compose and print itself. We intend to remedy this state of affairs by putting up a box in the corridor marked "Contributions." One suggestion, "*Tatler*:" have fewer personals and more solid material.

"*The Distaff*" from Boston we welcome as one of our exchanges. The paper as a whole is well edited. The cuts, however, are rather small for the size of the page.

The Brookline "*Sagamore*," although small in size, is certainly not lacking in material. The impression received from the paper was of a highly favorable nature. Doubtless not a few young people will agree with its article on "The Delights of Coasting."

STEPHEN LANE FOLGER, CHAS. BARTLETT

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